

End of a Suit

Paved the Woman Did the Rest

By F. A. MITCHEL

My friend Jernegan came into my law office one morning and said to me: "Tom, my affairs have been in the hands of Turner & Swift ever since my dad died, and they have got them into a frightful snarl. They now tell me that I'm likely to lose everything. I've concluded to take the management of the estate out of their hands and put it in yours."

"This seemed to me like a doctor called to save a patient that had been given up by another doctor, but Jim Jernegan and I had long been chums, and I couldn't refuse him. A tin box full of papers arrived at my office, the box being marked in gilt letters 'Estate of James R. Jernegan,' Jim's father, and I proceeded to an investigation.

The deceased had made a fortune by a land speculation in which he had had a partner named Hausman. The two had quarreled, each claiming the lion's share of the property. This had started a lawsuit which had been inherited with the property by the heirs. The value of the land had increased, but the costs of the suit had increased proportionately. Hausman before his death had transferred his interest to a man named Starkweather, and Starkweather had died, leaving it to his only child, a daughter.

I found my client absolutely ignorant of the condition of his interests in the property. "Don't talk to me about it," he said. "I know nothing of law. That's what I hire you for." So I was obliged to work out the puzzle unaided. I found that there were just two interests in the property—Jim's and Starkweather's daughter's. The lawyers had been playing these two interests off the one against the other to make business for themselves. I would have brought about a settlement, but the rascals had got the matter so tangled that this was impossible. There was but one way to effect such a result, and that was by a union of the two opposing interests. Since one of the parties was a man and the other a woman this might be effected by marriage.

But I saw no hope in such a solution. The woman might be old; she might be homely; she might be a virgin. And even though she were young and attractive I knew that Jim would never marry. When twenty-two or twenty-three years old he had been jilted by a girl he loved, and this had made him a confirmed woman hater. He was now thirty, frequented clubs and had no home. I think that he would have liked a home, but could not have one without a wife, and he had no confidence in any woman.

However, I determined to have a look at the person who was fighting Jim for the estate and ask her if she would concede to something of no real importance as an excuse to call upon her. I found a woman of about twenty-seven, handsome and apparently otherwise attractive, except that her disposition did not seem especially amiable. But whether this was natural to her or had been engendered by her fight for affluence in lieu of poverty or some other cause I was ignorant. Beyond this defect, which I was obliged to admit was serious, there was no reason why she should not make a husband happy.

I determined to broach my plan to her. Beginning with a statement of how her lawyer had played off her interests against those of her opponent, I entered into a detailed explanation of the tangle into which the two interests had been brought and finally ended by saying:

"There is but one way in which the property can be saved. The two interests should be united in one person."

"How can that be?" she asked in wonderment.

"By marriage."

"Then all I have to say is that the property will be sunk."

I made no rejoinder, but gathering up some papers I had brought with me, took my leave. Any attempt to bring so much persons together would be evidently futile. The lady was as much in the hands of her lawyers as I had been in the hands of mine. She knew nothing about the condition of affairs until I made my statement to her. She did not even know who was her opponent. Until I informed her she had no idea how she had been led by her lawyers or that she had been in danger of poverty, for they had kept her supplied with an income taken from the principal.

I was not surprised, then, when in a few weeks I received a call from her in my office.

"Would a legal marriage," she asked, "with this man who is endeavoring to cheat me out of my property, without my living with him, bring about a settlement of this suit?"

"After some thought I told her that it would help matters very much. I told her this not because I would approve such a marriage, for I would not and felt sure that it would bring about added difficulties, but I hoped by fostering the idea a union of hearts might be effected. I added, however, that I would think over what she had said and advise her more definitely.

I next tackled Jim. I went through

the same explanations as with the lady, ending in the same way.

"Not on your life!" was the decided response.

Neither of my two clients asked a question as to the age or condition of the other. Miss Starkweather cared nothing about it because a marriage with her opponent was to be a mere legal function. Jim did not care because, having once been jilted, he would not marry any woman. However, besides my friendship for Jim, there was a big fee for me.

Months passed, during which there was no change in the situation except that the property was going from bad to worse. Miss Starkweather had meanwhile transferred her affairs to an honest lawyer who gave her a true view of the situation and refused to keep up his income on an expectation of securing a slice of the property for himself. He also confirmed what I had said about a settlement by marriage, though he pointed out grave consequences that might result from this plan. Nevertheless he showed her how it would render available funds for present use, and she determined to adopt it provided the party of the other part would consent. I broached the plan to Jim, who was also cramped for funds, and assured him that, besides releasing certain moneys, possibly it might end in a settlement of the suit. He took the matter under consideration and, when posted at his club for dues and supplies that he could not pay for, concluded to adopt the marriage plan. I tried to interest him in the lady by sounding her praises, but he wouldn't listen to me. "She may be a Medusa for all I care," he said.

I was obliged by the contracting parties to draw up a paper stating the conditions of the marriage, one of which was that when it became of no use financially to either party no opposition would be raised to an annulment or divorce. This was to be signed just before the marriage ceremony.

The day before the wedding Miss Starkweather's attorney came to my office to protest against what he called my method of settling the suit, averring that not only was it unprofessional, but he believed it would result in a worse tangle than ever. I denied that it was my plan, but had been suggested to me by Miss Starkweather. I had partly assented to it at first, hoping to make an amicable match, but since this plan had failed I declined to approve the plan. Jernegan had assented to it on account of an immediate pressure for funds.

The lawyer begged me to go to his client with him and dissuade him from making a marriage that was contracted in enmity. I consented to do so, and when we met her I confirmed what he said about the probable evil effects of such a marriage.

"I relieve you gentlemen," she said, "of all responsibility in this affair, and I beg that you will give yourselves no concern about it whatever. My mind is made up. Good morning."

That ended the matter so far as we lawyers were concerned. But I took the precaution to tell Jim that the woman had relieved me of all responsibility in the matter and asked him to do the same. He said that something must be done to procure funds, for he was on the border of disgrace. No matter what resulted from the marriage he would not blame me.

The marriage—it could scarcely be called a wedding—was appointed for 11 o'clock in the morning. I went with Jim to the house. He didn't wear different clothes from his usual daily apparel. On the way he seemed rather melancholy. I fancied that he was thinking of the girl who had jilted him. When we reached the house we were shown into the drawing room. In a few minutes a clergyman entered. It seemed more to me as if we were to take part in a funeral instead of a wedding. We three sat without speaking till a rear door was thrown open, and the bride, in ordinary apparel, attended by an elderly lady, entered. She was evidently much excited and kept her eyes on the floor.

The parson and I rose, but Jim sat still. Turning to look at him, I saw on his face an expression of astonishment and wonder mixed. He seemed glad to be there. Then, suddenly starting up, he made several strides to the bride and stopped before her. She raised her eyes to his, but there was no surprise in them.

"Mildred," he cried passionately, "what means this? Why did you?"

"I didn't."

"Did you consent to this legal union knowing me to be the groom?"

There was no reply to this. Again she dropped her eyes to the floor. Jim looked at her steadily for a time without speaking, then, turning to the clergyman, motioned him to proceed with the ceremony.

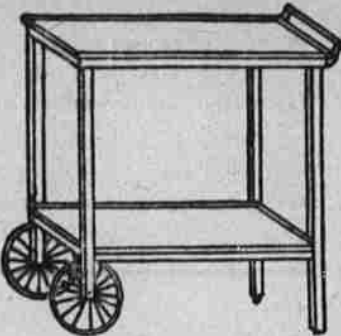
All these months I had been working up the climax of a romance without knowing it. Had Jim permitted me to tell him anything about his legal opponent it would have come out that she was the girl who he considered had jilted him. Perhaps it is well he did not, for the unreasonableness of lovers is proverbial, and had he known the facts it is quite likely the climax might have been different.

After my visit to Miss Starkweather she had investigated her affairs and learned that her father had come into possession of the interest in land owned by Hausman, who had been part owner of the land bought by him and Jim's father. In this way she learned that her lover, with whom she had quarreled, was her opponent in the lawsuit. She had then taken her own peculiar way to effect a reconciliation.

I confess I was tickled to death at the result of my initiative, worked out by the marvelous method of a woman. Two estranged lovers were brought together, their estate was saved to them, and I pocketed a \$10,000 fee.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES

Home Built Tea Wagon Saves Many Steps.



With the aid of such a tea wagon as here pictured it is surprising how many tiresome steps may be saved in the course of a day. The wheels of an outgrown cart or discarded toy wagon with rubber tires and two castors will furnish rolling gear. In taking your measurements make sure you leave room for the axles to come within the frame of the tea wagon, thus leaving no troublesome projections. The completed tea wagon should stand about thirty-six inches high, the legs one and seven-eighths by one and seven-eighths and the side rails seven-eighths by one and seven-eighths.

Turnips and Pork Chops.

Peel the turnips and cut them in pieces like orange quarters. Boil in salted water till done and drain well. Have ready your pork cutlet or chops for dinner, and when done lift out and pour off most of the fat, being careful to save the brown crumbs. Into this hot fat put one pint of milk into which has been stirred one tablespoonful of flour smooth and creamy. Shake and stir until the brown sauce is rich and savory and then pour over the turnips. Serve at once.

Chile Stew.

Slice and fry out one-half pound of fresh suet in a large skillet and add one sliced onion and one pound of round steak that has been ground in the food chopper. After cooking a few minutes in the suet add one small can of tomatoes and let cook together a few minutes before adding three cupsful of kidney beans which have been well cooked. Salt to taste, then put in a tablespoonful of chile powder and cook slowly, all together twenty minutes.

Steamed Gooseberry Pudding.

One quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little salt and sufficient milk to make a thin batter. Stir into the batter a cupful of cooked and well sweetened gooseberries, add a little more flour, enough to make the batter thick enough to drop from a spoon. Pour into greased cups or molds and steam for thirty minutes. Serve with cream and sugar.

Baked Turnips.

Peel and boil the turnips in salted water till tender. Put them into a bowl and back with a knife until they are fine. Place in a baking dish with one cupful of sweet milk to each quart of turnip and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Mix well and add pepper. Smooth over the top and bake in a moderate oven until the top looks brown.

Raisin Pie.

Two cupfuls of raisins, two cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of vinegar, one and one-half cupfuls of hot water, one egg, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, butter the size of a walnut, a little cinnamon. Place over the fire and stir briskly until it thickens. Bake with two crusts. This is enough for three pies.

Cucumbers With Sour Cream.

Slice cucumbers and let them stand a half hour in cold water, then serve with sour cream, salt, pepper and a little vinegar, with a teaspoonful of grated onion. Shredded cabbage well crisp in water and served with sweet cream, sugar, a dash of salt and a little vinegar is another appetizing salad well liked.

Plain Cookies.

One-half cupful butter, two cupfuls sugar, two beaten eggs, one cupful milk, one teaspoonful grated nutmeg, one cupful flour sifted with one teaspoonful baking powder, flour to make a soft dough. Roll out, cut into cookies and bake pale brown in moderate oven.

Spice Cookies.

Cream together two and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, add to this two eggs, one cupful seeded raisins chopped fine, one-half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful allspice, one teaspoonful cinnamon, two cupfuls flour. Bake in moderate oven.

Chocolate Spice Cake.

One-half cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of milk, one-fourth teaspoonful each allspice, cloves and nutmeg, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, two eggs (beaten separately), one and one-half teaspoonfuls of melted chocolate.

Creamed Fish In Rice Cases.

Line a buttered mold about a quarter of an inch thick with boiled rice. Fill with chopped or boned salmon or other fish to which thick white sauce has been added. Brown slightly in the oven, turn from the mold and serve.

YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER

A Guessing Game.

For this contest pass cards ornamented with bees and wasps flying about with the word "stings." Write the following questions, of course omitting the answers:

- 1—A sting that cures fatigue? Answer: Resting.
- 2—A sting that cures hunger? Feasting.
- 3—A sting that tidies your room? Dusting.
- 4—A sting that cooks your meat? Roasting.
- 5—A sting that makes you laugh? Jesting.
- 6—A sting in which foolish people indulge? Bonking.
- 7—A sting that browns your bread? Toasting.
- 8—A sting that spoils your tools? Rusting.
- 9—A sting that makes you read a book through. Interesting.
- 10—A sting that tries? Testing.
- 11—A sting that adapts? Adjusting.
- 12—A sting that shopkeepers dislike? Trusting.

Roman Numerals.

You should all remember the rule for writing the Roman numerals. I, V, X and L are the letters used up to 100, which is represented by C. D is 500, and M is 1,000. See how nicely the system is formed. We have I, II and III, and then instead of IIII for 4, which would be cumbersome, we have IV, which means one less than 5, for when a letter is placed before V, X, L or C it means that the number represented by that letter should be subtracted. On the other hand, when a letter follows it must be added. Thus we have V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, and instead of VIII for 9 we have IX—one less than 10—which is much more convenient than writing V with four I's after it. By way of exercise sit down and write all the numerals up to 100 and you will get the system so well fixed in your mind that you may be able to read any inscription that you find.—Chicago News.

Making Marbles.

Get half a cupful of pure portland cement, mix with enough water to make it the consistency of pliable putty, pinch out a piece about the size you would like to have a marble, roll it around in your hand until it is as nearly spherical as you can get it, lay it out and others you may make out of the same batch away to harden, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

In a week or two they will be like pieces of stone. Then get a quarter of a cupful of sharp sand, called mixing sand, and the sand in a nearly round bottomed cup or glass under a narrow stream of water from the spigot, turned on hard enough to stir up the sand, and turn the marble over. If this is allowed to run for about an hour and is repeated several times the surface will be worn smooth and as perfectly round as may be.

Added Letter Puzzle.

Add the same letter to each word and change a series into a foundation; metal into a monster; total into a water channel; part of a fork into to color slightly; a low, heavy sound into to murmur with discontent; having power into part of a house; a girl into a transparent substance; a line into to increase; a play on words into a cart; bare into a gentle push; a narrow way into a kind of ship; a boy's nickname into an insect; evils into measures; an army into a shade; crime into an indication.

Answers—Round, ground; ore, ogre; utter, gutter; time, tinge; rumble, grumble; able, gable; lass, glass; row, grow; pun, pung; nude, nudge; alley, galley; Nat, gnat; ill, gills; host, ghost; sin, sign.—Youth's Companion.

Anagram.

Should "none start coin" into circulation—in other words, if capitalists and the financial officers of the government should lock up the money of the country as fast as it could be gathered in by them and refuse to put it into circulation again—it would not be long till there would be "whole" everywhere. Business as it is now conducted would be paralyzed, and it would be necessary to return to the methods of barter and trade in use before there was any such thing as we call legal tender. The mere thought of such a condition of affairs is startling and could not be expected to produce anything less than "whole." It is therefore a pleasure to feel perfectly assured that the possibility of such a thing is wholly imaginary. Answer.—Consternation.

Conundrums.

What question is it to which you can not answer anything but yes? What does y-e-s spell?

When the clock strikes thirteen what time is it? Time to fix the clock.

When has a man four hands? When he doubles his fists.

When is a bonnet not a bonnet? When it becomes a pretty woman.

Why is a tooth when extracted like something forgotten? It is out of the head.

What is the best way to get fat? Go to the butcher shop and buy it by the pound.

Charade.

"Oh, doctor, dear, just please to hear My dreadful fret. I'm like to burst An artery, as you may see. Your help I crave, and you shall have My last from me." "Oh, yes," said he, "These little pills will cure your ills. Take three a day, remember pray. (My whole, I think, you must not drink) And soon you'll be quite well, you'll see." Answer.—Cough, fee—coffee.

NOTABLES IN THE LIMELIGHT

Major General O'Ryan, Head of New York Militia.



Photo by American Press Association.

Major General John F. O'Ryan, commander of the New York division of militia, now patrolling the Mexican border, is the only national guard officer who is a graduate of the war college at Washington. Brigadier General A. L. Mills, U. S. A., chief of the division of militia affairs, in one of his reports states that the New York national guard as a whole surpasses that of any other state.

In 1913 the New York legislature provided the major general of the state with a salary equal in amount to that given an officer of like grade in the regular army. Under the constitution a military officer may not be removed during good conduct and is retired at the age of sixty-four, as in the army. General O'Ryan, therefore, who is forty-two years old, has an expectancy of command of twenty-two years.

While an officer of field artillery General O'Ryan before attaining his present rank attended service schools of the army. His record at those schools was such that Major General Wood, then chief of staff of the army, decided that O'Ryan had the requisite preliminary training to take the course at the war college. It is because of its commander's efficiency in military training that the New York division was given so prominent a place in the present mobilization.

A native of New York, General O'Ryan began his military career as a private in the Seventh regiment. Three years later he became a second lieutenant and in 1907 was promoted to the command of a battery. Later he was made a major and in 1912 was placed in charge of the New York forces.

Named to Govern Canada.

The Duke of Devonshire, who was recently appointed to succeed the Duke of Connaught as governor general of Canada, is one of the richest members of the British peerage. He is first cousin of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British ambassador at Washington, and a son-in-law of the Marquis of Lansdowne, member of the coalition government in England.

As Mr. Victor Cavendish the duke made his debut in the house of commons in 1892, and political leaders said that though he was a likeable fellow he was not going to increase the political greatness of his family. The gift of oratory was sadly lacking, a failing



Photo by American Press Association.

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

in the family, and he was considered the most awkward speaker in the house.

By dint of hard work and the pressure of influence Devonshire has occupied various positions, and last December he was made Knight of the Garter, the highest social honor in the gift of the king. He has been financial secretary to the treasury, and in June last year he was included in the coalition government, being civil lord of the admiralty. He had been during the four preceding years chief Unionist whip in the house of lords, when it was said Lord Lansdowne was training him to occupy his own position as Unionist leader in the lords, but that Lansdowne's colleagues would not consent.

The Duke of Devonshire is forty-eight years old and succeeded his uncle eight years ago. The Duchess of Devonshire is the queen's mistress of the robes and her majesty's most intimate friend.

ODD STORY OF A STOLEN RING

Truth Would Have Saved Innocent Accused.

"You say, Jennie, that you knew your husband some years before you married him. How was it that it took you so long to discover that you loved him? Or was it that he delayed to propose?"

"Thereby hangs a tale."

"Tell it."

"If I do you will possess a secret of which my husband is ignorant."

"Give me your confidence."

"I have kept the horrid thing so long that it will be a relief to tell you. I must go back fifteen years to a time when I was twenty. Then I got into a terrible trouble. For what? Woman's propensity for leaving valuables about where they may be appropriated. I was visiting at the country house of my husband's parents. I was a favorite with his mother, and Henry found no difficulty in inducing her to invite me down. He had not yet proposed to me, but I knew that he would soon do so.

"We were a merry party. It was mid-summer, and our time was passed in summer sports—reading, driving, boating, croquet, lawn tennis. One evening before dinner I stepped into the bathroom to wash my hands, and there on the marble slab was a diamond ring. I recognized it at once as the property of Lucy Crane, a girl about my age, who had doubtless taken it off to wash her hands and forgotten it. What a joke it would be to appropriate it, let Lucy think that it was lost, then produce it. I slipped it on my finger, went to my room, put it in my portmanteau and, leaving the portmanteau on the mantel, went down to dinner.

"We had finished the dessert and were sipping our coffee when there was a noise without, and we all went on to the piazza in time to see the butler and the coachman chasing a man, who was running like a stag. He stumbled and fell, and in another moment they were on him. Then he was led back and was searched in presence of the household."

The narrator put her hands to her face for a few moments, then proceeded:

"I never can think of that scene without terrible suffering. The butler took from the man my portmanteau and, not knowing to whom it belonged, opened it. The first thing he took from it was one of my cards; the second, Lucy Crane's ring. I turned white as a sheet. It was a few minutes before the situation—the apparent situation—dawned upon every one, and when it did it was my terrible pallor that removed all doubt that I had stolen the ring."

"I went to my room and locked myself in. What was I to do? What could I do? Nothing. No one came to me, and I did not go out, though I went neither to bed nor to sleep. At sunrise I left the house."

"Five years passed, during which the secret of my supposed dishonesty was so well kept (by Henry's request) that it injured me only with him, his family and the guests present at the time the ring was stolen. But it was a terrible period for me. One day a rough looking man accosted me on the street and asked for money. I took out my purse and gave him a coin. He kept looking in my face intently. Suddenly he said, 'I've seen you before.'"

"Where?"

"I've just done a term for taking a pocketbook. You were there when I was searched."

"Are you that man?"

"Yes. I got into the house when I supposed all the family had gone down to dinner. Then I saw you go into the bathroom and pick up a ring."

"I didn't intend to steal it. I intended to give its owner a lesson for leaving it where it might be stolen."

"I knew that by the look on your face—a mischief look. Your back was toward me, but I saw you in the glass over the basin. I followed you and saw you leave the ring in your pocketbook on the mantel, and as soon as you left the room I went and got it."

"I have been resting under suspicion for your act for five years, I blurted, tears coming in spite of my efforts to keep them back."

"He looked from me to the coin in his hand and back from the coin to me."

"I'll testify to your honesty," he said. "No one would believe you."

"I s'pect you're right," he replied thoughtfully. "At least it wouldn't do to tell the truth. A lie might help. I'll think it over. Who shall I tell about it?"

"I gave him Henry's address, then left him without attaching much importance to the meeting."

"Two weeks passed, and I had ceased to think about the ex-convict, when one day my maid announced that a gentleman wished to see me in the drawing room. I went down, and there stood Henry. His first words were: 'Forgive me!'

"I looked at him like one in a dream. 'Read that,' he said, handing me a bit of dirty paper on which was written in pencil:

"Dear Sir—I heard a lady in your house when I was arrested there for stolen was suspected of taken the diamond ring. Sum up let it on the washstand, and I took it and put it in the pocketbook that I took too."

"Henry and I were married that fall. I have never dared tell him the true story of my meeting with the thief. Should I do so it might shake his faith in me. After all, sometimes a lie will serve better than the truth, though had I told the truth in time it might have served better than the lie."